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53

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49 REG.

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and BEADED texture, the

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GUN DEL GUN OIL LOADED WATER BASED LUBRICANT 3.30Z Slightly thicker than our regular water or silicone-based lubes, you can see and feel the difference. Also popular for foreplay massage.



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endings for both of you.



enhances pleasure without leaving a sticky residue. This is a hygienic, water based and water soluble, odorless, long lasting and latex compatible product.



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Satisfyer Sf.

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Being tied down to my desk job is such a tiring endeavor. Most days I want to come home, strip, and sleep.
Some days I can get away with it, but every time I come home in stockings, my man can smell 'em a mile away.

Kelly

By the time I get in the door, I'm being carried off to bed, half naked, and horny as hell. The sex is always better; the sight of my legs drives him crazy. It makes the sex wild, sweaty, and animalistic. With a thrill like that, I need to consider going out and buying more.



























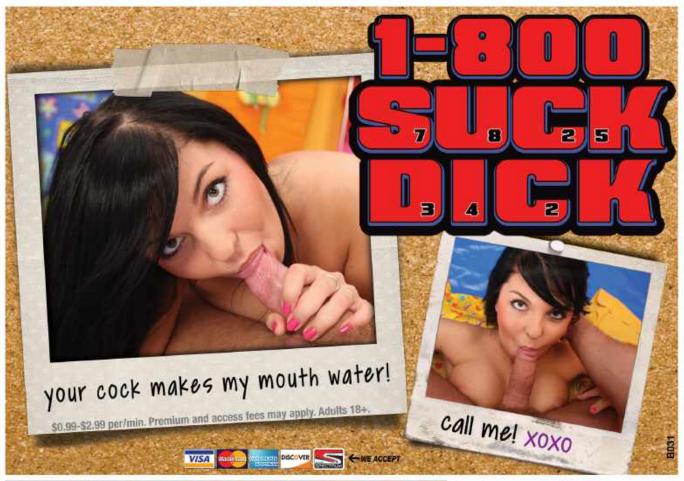
























AN OLD FLAME

When I ran into Dani at our old bar for the first time since we broke up all those years ago, I didn't recognize her at first. Her dark hair had grown out and now fell halfway down her back, and her eyes showed someone who had seen a lot. It actually wasn't until she called out to me that I finally realized who it was. She was still tall and seemed to lord it over everyone she met. Despite this, I could only think of how much she'd changed and even gotten hotter, though I didn't think much would come out of the conversation.

But she seemed like she wanted to talk and discuss, so we found ourselves a table, ordered some drinks, and started to talk. She told me she'd had some good time to work on herself, she'd found a stable relationship, and was doing really well. Except in the bedroom. That she even said something told me everything I needed to know. That was the one place where we never had a problem.

When she told me that, I asked if it was what she was looking for, expecting to be slapped like she used to. Instead, she admitted that she'd been looking for me for



Julia Ann -- My All Time Fave...

I wanted to send you a quick email about Julia Ann on the cover of **50+** (#52). I have been a Julia Ann fan since the early 1990s. It's hard to believe that she's been in the adult business for almost thirty years. I happen to have a video of her with Janine L. where they play around with each other -- and in ice dildo! Just to watch it melt as the toe hotties go at it is amazing. I have played that tape several hundred times, the scene is so hot. I even had it put onto DVD!

What's amazing is that she has kept her looks, her body, and even more so, her sexuality. I don't know how many scenes she has done or how many guys and girls she has fucked, but it doesn't matter. I hope she will keep doing it for many more years to come. And if she does, I'll keep watching and adoring her. But first, let me thank her personally for all my enjoyment.

- Tom J., Boston, MA

exactly that reason.

It was a little strange, I'll admit, but I wasn't about to argue with her now. I took a long drink from my beer, really selling it up as much as I could, before asking her how she wanted it. The real surprise was when she said she wasn't picky. I looked around and grabbed hold of her wrist, pulling her toward the back where the bathrooms were.

I nudged the room open and quickly locked it behind us, where she quickly pressed me against the wall and started to claw at my skin. I pulled off my shirt to reveal my hairy barrel chest and leaned over Dani, flipping her around to press her against the wall.

We weren't particularly quiet, and neither of us seemed to care that much. We kept moving back and forth, ripping off clothes, making out, pressing against the walls. There was a vicious primal feeling that was stronger than it had even ever been before. It was impossible for us to be doing this, which only made it hotter and better!

Finally, our clothes were scattered around the floor, and she pressed herself up against me. Dani's breath was quick and hot on my neck. I could feel her boobs poking into me as she grinded up against my hard meat. She always knew how to get the best out of me, and this time was no exception. She found my dick and slid it quickly into her, letting out a gasp that told me she hadn't had a cock like mine in a while. Then, Dani pulled me around so that she was pressed against the wall.

I lifted her up and started pounding her hard into the tile. She let out a scream of pleasure, pleasure that seemed to surge through both of us, which only sent me harder and faster into her. She loved it when I really took her, and it'd been so long for me that it hard was exactly what she was going to get.

Several minutes I kept using the wall as leverage before I pulled her back. I was able to keep her on my cock, and even threw it into her a few times even without the wall. With a smirk, I leaned forward and let her move to the floor where I started to pile drive with even more force.

She kept screaming, kept calling for more, harder. I gave her everything I could and more when she finally let out a deep gasp and moan, letting herself tumble over the edge.

But I wasn't done yet, and I turned around to pile drive from over her body, loving the feeling of her boobs on the back of my legs. It took me a few more minutes that I was still getting her to scream out before I let myself loose, filling her up deep and shallow, pulling



out to let some of my jizz to coat over her pussy and pubes before shoving back inside as more loads continued to pulse their way out.

I slid out and helped her up, right to my dick, which she happily took into her mouth, cleaning it with a fierce passion. When she finished, she gave me a quick kiss and told me she'd let me know when she would need me again. So far, it's been a couple times a week.

- Colin B., Georgia

HUNGRY, PLEASE HELP

Heart hammering furiously, I lay there on his bed, hoping against hope that my boyfriend had finally overcome his hang up.

It's really happening! He's doing it! Chet's going down on

me!

I spread my legs wider,

rubbing my clit as he lowered his mouth to my glistening slit. I was plenty wet from extended foreplay. Now I was about to get even wetter, perhaps even experience an orgasm. It all depended on how well Chet could eat pussy. I had no way of knowing, of course, as he had never done it before.

At least not with me.

He was oh so close, his tongue a fraction of an inch from pay dirt. I could actually feel his hot breath on my sex. Pulse pounding, I rubbed my clit with more urgency.

Then it happened.

Chet froze. He sighed wearily. "I'm sorry, Sissy."

I tried to establish eye contact with him but he looked away, unable to face me as he hung his head in shame.

"It just seems so... well, you know what we talked about..."

Boy did I ever!

Chet and I had had many conversations about this very topic. He was scared to death of contracting HPV; which, he never failed to remind me, was known to cause throat cancer. I had tried to explain to him that the odds of this were extremely low. Still, he refused to change his stance.

Now, frustrated and dissatisfied, I proceed to get dressed.

"I'm leaving," I told him angrily.

Chet tried to stop me, tried to persuade me to stick around his apartment. "We can fuck. You know you love my cock, baby. I always do you good."

"Yeah, I love your cock. But I love getting my pussy eaten, too."

"I know, but..."

"Save it, Chet. I'm out of here."

I was driving home when I spotted him, the cutest homeless guy I had ever seen. He was standing on the corner of a busy intersection, holding a crudely rendered cardboard sign: HUNGRY, PLEASE HELP.

"That makes two of us," I muttered to myself.

Granted, my hunger was far less serious. I'd never heard of a woman dying from cunnilingus deprivation. Still, I was desperate for somebody to munch my taco. And this desperation had made me susceptible to impulsive behavior.

That's my excuse, anyway.

I pulled to the curb and

waved him over. He was even cuter up close. The guy couldn't have been homeless for long, not looking the way he did. Hell, I didn't even detect the slightest hint of body odor!

"Are you sure you're homeless?" I inquired suspiciously.

It took some prodding on my part—prodding which prompted him to tell me his name—but Howard finally came clean. "I was evicted yesterday," he explained. "Well, not exactly evicted. My girlfriend kicked me to the curb. Now I'm just trying to scrounge up a meal, and maybe enough money for a bus ticket."

"I think we can help each other," I told him. "Hop in."

He looked at me kind of funny. "You're not a serial killer, are you?"

"Not anymore, baby. I had to give that up."

First thing I did was throw a thick steak on the grill; then I made him a nice green salad and a heaping pile of home cut French fries. Howard devoured the hearty food, washing it down with a pint of cold beer. It made me feel good to watch him eat with such enthusiasm.

"That was delicious," he said after cleaning his plate.

"Ready for dessert?" I asked him.

"You bet."

I had knelt on the kitchen floor and unzipped his fly; now Howard sat there at the table, moaning and groaning as my head moved rhythmically in his lap.

My lips slid up and



down his turgid pole, nice and slow, making him forget all about dessert of the culinary variety. Working a hand down the front of my shorts, I found my pussy to be quite wet. For the second time that day I rubbed my clit, picking up where I had left off with Chet.

Pleasuring myself with nimble fingers, I continued to service Howard with my stellar oral skills. I wanted him to feel indebted to me, wanted him to return the favor, so I decided to go the extra mile.

I stopped sucking Howard's dick to focus on his balls. Stroking his shaft with my hand, I licked and nibbled his nuts. His cock swelled in my palm, getting harder and harder as

I licked and lapped and slurped with slutty glee.

Howard was close, real close.

I upped the pace of my hand, tugging him faster while taking his entire scrotum in my mouth. The teabagging did the trick. His cock erupted, shooting multiple wads of cum. He was out of breath, gasping like a runner after a race.

"That was fantastic," he finally managed. "Now it's my turn."

"I was hoping you would say that."

We had switched places; now I was sitting in the kitchen chair as a kneeling Howard peeled my shorts and panties and tossed them aside. He pushed my legs apart and spat on my pussy.

Then he went to work, doing what Chet had been unable and/or unwilling to do, giving me what I had been craving for so long.

I pulled my legs back even further, watching with growing excitement as he pressed his tongue against my clit with adroit skill. It wasn't long before he incorporated his finger, sliding it in and out of my cunt hole.

The sensations coursing through my body were unlike any I had ever experienced. The strongest orgasm of my life was fast approaching.

And then it happened...

I released a piercing wail, giving my neighbors an earful as I actually squirted. This was a first for me. I couldn't believe it! Howard didn't seem the least bit surprised. Judging from his reaction, he made chicks squirt all the time.

His girlfriend must have been crazy to kick him out. And I was an authority on crazy. Hypochondriac Chet was a total loony, not to mention ancient history. I broke up with him that night.

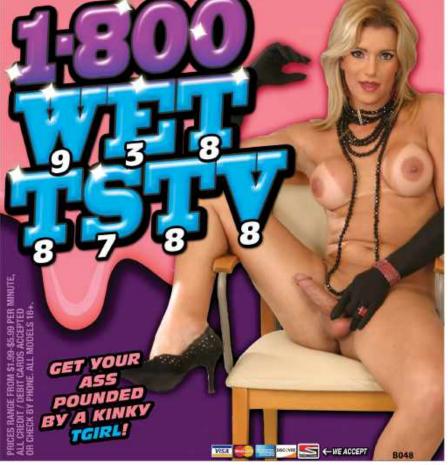
Howard moved in the very next day.side to help her clean up.

- Sissy M., California

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When I'm feeling bored, I like to make a mess somewhere just to pass the time. I'll pick a nice comfortable spot, throw all my clothes off, and have a little too much fun. Fun can be playing with my clit for a few hours in bed. It can be feeling my insides on the couch, while I watch some of my favorite novellas.

Jana

Today I feel like
having a big blue
dildo stretching me
in all directions. If
I intend to get exceptionally wild, I'll
want you to watch
me get there.











































Zoey went to answer the knock at the door. It was her neighbor, Alyssa. "Ms. Holloway, I just got a boyfriend, but how am I supposed to keep him?" Class was in session. By the end of the day she would know how to keep men hooked as long as she wanted them. Two pairs of long elegant legs, interlocked in a beautiful display of ecstasy.

Zoey

Two pretty pussies dripping wet with pleasure, eager to be played with all night long. Alyssa learned quickly, and Zoey was left looking forward to the next lesson.





















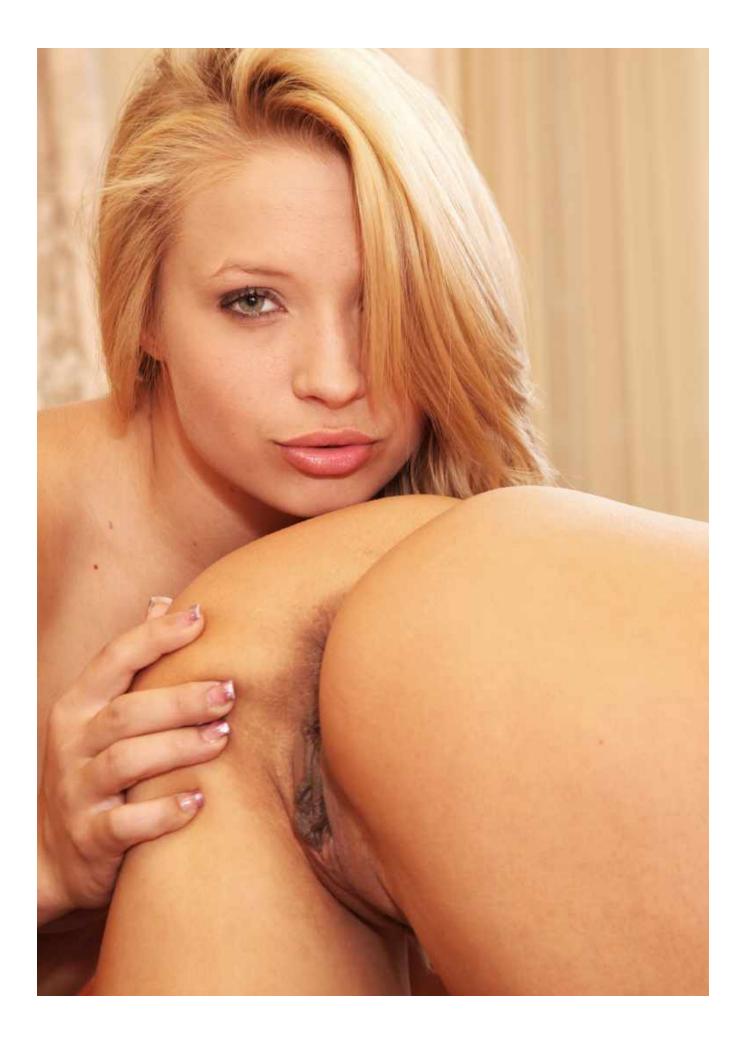






























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When I was in my prime, I thought I was a hot, young thing that rocked the sheets. As I got older, I realized that I only got better. I think people underestimate older women. So nowadays when I see people's eyes popping out of their heads, I know it's genuine. They never expect these boobs

to be as robust as they are. The curve of my ass still gets men sweating on sight. My pussy is the main course, though. These lips will grip and do wonders on your hard shaft.



















I asked the mechanic why my car engine was humming. She said it was probably because it didn't know the words.

Away Game

ACCEPTING YET ANOTHER DEFEAT, I ACTIVATED THE HAZARD LIGHTS AND EASED THE BUS TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

I peered at the red warning light with a mounting sense of dread. Tension radiated through my neck, shoulders, and arms, all the way down to my hands, which held the bus's steering wheel in a white-knuckle grip.

"Not now," I muttered. "Not here . . ."

The timing couldn't have been worse. It was just shy of midnight. Had it not been so damned dark I would've seen a desolate stretch of highway unfurled before me like a ribbon to nowhere. Talk about adding insult to injury, I thought. We had lost today's soccer match by an embarrass-

ing margin; it had been a massacre, the worst drubbing I had ever suffered throughout my coaching career. Granted, I was hardly a veteran. This was only my third year of coaching at the collegiate level.

Accepting yet another defeat, I activated the hazard lights and eased the bus onto the side of the road. I killed the engine and unfastened my seatbelt. Standing at the front of the bus, I addressed the team. Understand, this was years before cell phones became commonplace. Calling for roadside assistance was hardly an option.

"Something's wrong with the bus," I told them. "You guys hold down the fort. I'm going for help."

I had no idea what I would find, if anything.

It was a lonely, dark walk. Traffic was non-existent; I didn't see a single pair of headlights as I trudged along the shoulder of the road. I must've walked for a half hour before I came upon the little roadside motel. A red VACANCY sign blinked on and off.



"It's a miracle."

The office was brightly lit. I opened the door. The office was blessedly cool, a welcome respite from the muggy night air. I didn't see anybody behind the counter. I did, however, see a shiny silver bell – RING FOR SERVICE.

Ding!

She appeared immediately, opening a partially closed door which had concealed a modest efficiency apartment. I glimpsed a love seat and a tiny kitchenette. She had been watching television.

"Need a room?" she asked.

She was a looker, a slender hippie type with long auburn hair parted in the middle. A floral peasant dress hung loosely from her gangly frame. She smelled of lavender and patchouli.

I explained my situation. She offered to put us up for the night – four to a room – and call the local garage first thing in the morning.

"Sam's a magician," she explained. "Best mechanic in town. Hell, make that the only mechanic in town. If Sam can't fix your bus, nobody can."

I didn't ask her for a lift back to the bus, nor did she offer. I assumed she couldn't leave the motel unattended, not even for a little while. I retraced my steps and fetched the team. They took the whole thing in stride. I didn't hear a single complaint as we hiked back to the motel.

In the office my players got their room assignments. Then they were gone, leaving me alone with the clerk. The athletic department had given me a credit card for emergencies of this sort.















She pressed her lips to mine. I went with it, receiving her probing tongue as her hand caressed my stomach. It wasn't long before she made her way to my crotch...

"I can't thank you enough," I told her. "You've been great."

"Glad to help," she said. Then, "I bet you could use a drink, huh?"

"More like three or four," I replied.

"I've got a fifth of Canadian whiskey," she smiled. "Care for a nightcap?"

Her name was Sierra, and she made a mean whiskey and soda. The potent concoction burned a trail to my stomach as she picked up the remote and killed her television set.

We drank in silence before she broke the ice. Sierra worked the graveyard shift every night. Two days a week she taught yoga at a nearby liberal arts college. The owner of the motel let her live on the premises for free. He worked the day shift. Sierra didn't particularly like living where she worked, but she wasn't about to forgo free rent.

It was mostly a one-sided conversation. The long drive coupled with my roadside hike had left me tuckered out. I was ready to crawl into bed. I hoped Sam was as skilled as Sierra had said. If the only mechanic in town couldn't fix the bus we were in for a major hassle. Either way, I had to call work first thing in the morning and let the athletic director know what had happened.

"You know," Sierra said, scooting closer to my side of the sofa, "it gets awfully lonely around here. Some nights I don't see a single customer."

"Sounds rough."

"I'm sorry about your bus and all," she continued, placing her hand on my thigh, "but I'd be lying if I said I wasn't happy to have you here."

"You don't even know me, Sierra."

"Sometimes it's better that way."

She pressed her lips to mine. I went with it, receiving her probing tongue as her hand caressed my stomach. Before long she made her way to my crotch, rubbing my firm bulge with increasing urgency.

My lethargy vanished. Sierra's move had infused me with energy. I was ready to go, more than ready.

"Let's see what we have down here." Sierra unzipped me, and pulled out my cock. "Nice and hard, I see."

She slid off the sofa. Knees on the carpeted floor, she pushed my legs apart, and lowered her face to my lap. I felt her hot breath on my dick a split second before she devoured me. She didn't bother with the usual preliminaries. No basting of my shaft with her tongue, no licking of my prick cap. Sierra blew me with a rhythmic plunging motion of her head,

pumping her lips up and down my rod with astonishing speed.

At the rate she was going I wouldn't last long.

Perhaps this is what she wanted; maybe Sierra desired no more than giving me head and having me blow my wad. Still, I doubted this. After all, she had talked about her many lonely nights. And she had helped me in a tight jam. I owed her, big time, owed her a hell of a lot more than just a face full of spunk . . .



I placed my hands atop her head and moaned. She interpreted this as I had intended, wiping the back of her mouth with her hand as she came up for a breather.

"Do you like it?" she asked me.

"I love it," I said, "but I want to fuck you."

Sierra smiled and led me to her bedroom. I saw milk crates filled with books, a night table topped with a small bong, and a yoga mat on the floor, my mind registering these things as she discarded her dress. She had a lovely, thin body. Her pale skin contrasted nicely with a pair of dark brown nipples, this and a fiery red pubic thatch.

She lay on her unmade bed, parting her legs as I stepped out of my pants. She rubbed her pussy vigorously, licking her lips as she did so.

"I'm so wet, baby . . ."









I didn't bother to remove my shirt. Any delay could have proved disastrous. I imagined a customer, some random lone traveler, ringing the silver bell, bringing our torrid tumble to a screeching halt.

I didn't bother to remove my shirt. Any delay could have proved disastrous. I imagined a customer, some random lone traveler, ringing the silver bell, bringing our torrid tumble to a screeching halt. No, I thought, that would never do.

Sierra worked her fingers in a circular motion, massaging her clit with deft skill; her other hand worked up top, roving all over her perky tits.

I moved between her legs and slid inside her. She received me with a grunt, turning her head to the side as I started to thrust. I fucked her with everything I had, skewering her snatch in earnest – stroke after stroke – making her moan and groan.

Sierra raised her lanky legs, pulling me deep inside her. I felt her fingertips digging into my back, seeking purchase as I pounded her good and proper. Hers was a tight cunt, tight and wet and hot. I was determined to make her come.

And she did.

Sierra shuddered beneath me, shuddered and gasped with orgasmic delight. Then and only then



did I pull out. My cock erupted immediately, spewing creamy jizz all over her taut tummy. Totally spent, I collapsed beside her.

We lay there for a few minutes; neither of us spoke until Sierra broke the silence. "Thanks, Coach. I needed that more than you know."

I got up early the next morning and called the athletic director. He apologized for the inconvenience, and even talked about buying a new bus. The current one, he said, was probably ready for the junkyard. I didn't disagree with him.

I ate breakfast with the team at a greasy spoon. It was a short walk from the motel, and provided us with an opportunity to see the town. It wasn't much. The phrase "one horse" came to mind.

When we returned to the motel Sierra had just gotten off work. She was leaning against her car and smoking a cigarette. "I just got off the phone with Sam. She's on her way."

She? I thought. I had assumed Sam was a man. Not that it mattered. Sierra had spoken glowingly about Sam's skills, and I had no reason to doubt her.

Sam arrived at the motel in an old tow truck.

I rode shotgun as she drove us out to the bus. Once there I popped the hood and stayed out of her way, letting her do her thing. Sierra had been right. Sam was a magician. She diagnosed and fixed the problem in a jiffy. I was highly impressed.

"What was wrong?" I asked her.

Wiping grease from her hands with a rag, she recited some automotive gobbledygook that I couldn't decipher. I nodded my head, acting as if understood every word. Then I climbed into the bus, fired her up, and followed Sam back to the garage.

"What do I owe you?"

Sam said, "How about lunch?"

I was surprised, to say the least. And more than a little tempted. Sam had beautiful brown eyes and a wonderful smile. She wore her blonde hair in a ponytail. Coveralls concealed her body, lending her an aura of mystery that I found most fetching.

Still, I had a long day ahead of me. I needed to get the team back to school. We had already spent enough time in this backwoods burg.

"I'd love to, Sam. Really, I would. But I've got to hit the road."

"I understand," she replied.

I paid with the emergency credit card. Sam wrote her phone number on the receipt. "Don't be a stranger," she told me.

Two months later, after the soccer season had come to a close, I returned to that one horse town in my personal vehicle.

Sierra was happy to see me. We made up for lost time. Boy did we ever! And just when I had thought the weekend couldn't get any better, she called Sam and invited her over. We had a wild party, just the three of us. Nonstop sex.

That's the good thing about small towns.

There's nothing else to do.































It's Saturday night. The gang's all here, and they're all itching to get the party started. At the end of a night of drinking and dancing, our ladies are ready to enjoy the company of young men. Everyone here knows whats going to happen so there's no point wasting time. A mess of clothes begin to fly and reveal ample flesh, ripe for the tasting. The air fills with the sound of furniture creaking, the clap of skin



on skin, and the moaning of women loving every second of this Saturday night.























































I want to show you my tight, wet, pussy. I want you to run your hands all over it and feel how wet I am for you. I want you to put your fingers inside me and scratch that neverending itch. I want you to kiss my pussy lips and taste just how much I want you. I want your tongue on my clit. I want you to juggle it, make my spine bend and my toes curl. I want you to stuff it with your big, stiff cock and plow it till we are both

Goldie

shaking with ecstasy. Until then, I want my trusty silver vibe to show you how it's done. Then you can do it too.

































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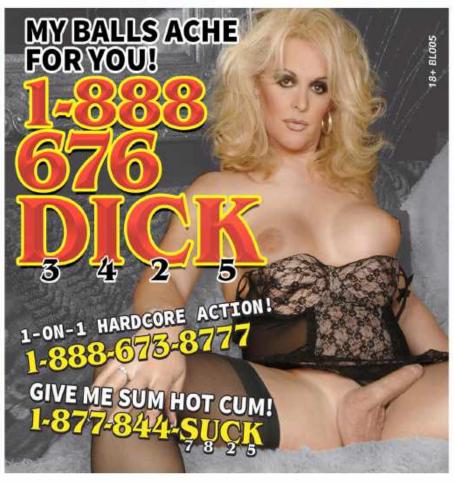


























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